

SUNDAY ADVERTISER

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EDITOR

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FALLEN SOVEREIGNS.

The case of the Sultan points the old moral that no matter how many flatterers a sovereign may have, nor how many men may have been raised to proud eminence by his favor, he can find few friends when a crisis brings him low. Napoleon tasted the bitter dregs of ingratitude more than once in his great career; especially when he first resigned the crown and was about to leave for Elba. Even his marshals—men whom he had raised from obscurity to wear great titles and even crowns—hastened to make their peace with his enemies, the victorious Bourbons. His own brother-in-law, Murat, deserted him; and when he came back from Elba to resume the crown, Ney, who owed him everything, marched against him and promised the Capet to bring "the Corsican" to Paris in a cage. Napoleon III. had revived an old and built up a new nobility, but after Sedan there were none so poor as to do him reverence. From among all his nobles there was not a single friend to come to the rescue of his Empress when the Paris mob threatened her life.

The case of good old Dom Pedro of Brazil, a citizen ruler, a man who had done his subjects nothing but good all his life, was even more melancholy. Banished from his old home, deprived of his fortune and his dignities, he was driven to the land his fathers came from to die of a broken heart. He had done nothing to deserve it; the men who hurled him from the throne had been raised by his own hand.

Abdul Hamid is bad enough, no doubt; but some of the men who are gathered in hostile array about his palace are indebted to him a thousandfold, and but lately were bowing to him as their lord and master and the defender of their faith. If he dies at their hands the spectacle will not be unlike, in its melancholy showing of human nature, that which drew from Caesar's stiffening lips the historic words: "And thou, too, Brutus."

Unhappy Portugal

The Argonaut.

When King Carlos of Portugal and his eldest son were murdered a year ago there was an outburst of rage against Premier Franco, who was accused of adding the crime of assassination to that of a political dictatorship. Under the pressure of popular denunciation, in which the widowed queen was so inept as to join, the premier was forced from the country, and not until he had become a permanent exile was it recognized that he was the one man who stood between the monarchy and revolution. Had he been in the carriage with the king he, too, would have been killed, and to that extent the plans of the murderers were incomplete, but he was driven from Portugal amid the forebodings of those who knew that all hope of order and stability went with him.

We are now beginning to see the extent to which those forebodings were justified. In spite of a rigorous censorship of both telegrams and letters, it is evident that Portugal has fallen completely under the domination of the men who killed the king in order that their nefarious policies might remain unchecked. The condition of the boy king and of the queen mother is pitiable in the extreme, comparable only with that of Louis XVI of France after the fall of the Bastille. They are virtually prisoners in the palace and subject to all the insult that a besotted populace can throw upon them. The murderers of King Carlos are well known, but no attempt has been made to bring them to justice, indeed they are feted and acclaimed. When the king attended the requiem mass in memory of his father and of his brother there was a rival celebration at the same hour around the graves of the two assassins who were killed upon the fatal day a year ago, and this shameful ceremony was vastly the larger and the more popular of the two. While the murderers themselves have been unpunished, the one man who stood between them and their victims has been visited with every mark of public displeasure. Lieutenant Francisco Figueira defended the king with extraordinary courage, killing one if not both of the dead regicides, but so far from rewarding his fidelity, it was actually proposed to try him for his life, and although this was not done, the queen was compelled to discharge him from her service. The municipal council of Lisbon has decreed that all royal demonstrations must cease in order that the people may not be "annoyed," and neither the king nor his mother is allowed to appear in public without effacing all external marks of their rank.

Another catastrophe must of course come, and it must come soon. If this were an honest struggle between monarchy and republicanism, we should know where to place our sympathies. But it is not an honest struggle. The men who murdered King Carlos and who are now in control of the government are a mere pack of thieving wolves who use the name of republicanism to cajole a wholly illiterate people and who care nothing for any particular form of government so long as they are left unmolested to plunder the public treasury. Whatever pity may be felt for the king, who is said to be dying of chagrin and apprehension, we can hardly feel much sympathy for his mother except the elementary sympathy due to her womanhood. Had she shown the whole of her weight upon the side of Franco she might have carried the army with her and thwarted the revolutionary anarchists who supply brains to the whole movement. But whether from ignorance, or stupidity, or fear, or a combination of all, she deliberately gave momentum to the avalanche that now threatens to crush her and her son. Nothing, indeed, can stay it except foreign intervention, and it is said that protests have already been received from more than one of the European powers against a scandal without a parallel short of Serbia.

To judge the Portuguese by the standards of other nations will lead to hopeless miscalculation. Eighty per cent of the whole population are illiterate, without moral sense, lazy, and improvident. There was a time when the negroes of Lisbon were more numerous than the whites, and that this is not now the case is due to the fact that the colored elements have been absorbed through intermarriage, diffusing their racial defects throughout the country. To a great extent Portugal is isolated from the west of Europe. Spain is her only neighbor and an effective rampart against progressive ideas. Had her geographical position been different she might have excited the covetous interest of Europe long ago and been extinguished as an independent power. As it is, she bids fair to rival Turkey as a plague spot upon civilization.

Shelf Room and Culture

The Nation.

When President Eliot said that a row of books five feet long, read at the rate of ten minutes a day, would supply a man with a liberal education, he was not dealing in impossibilities. Two books lie on the desk before us. One is 1 1/2 inches wide and contains 380 pages, with about 300 words to the page. That would give the proposed "Harvard Library" between 35 and 40 volumes, comprising some 15,000 pages and 4,500,000 words. It is not too little. Athens succeeded in training her citizens upon a far smaller expenditure of words. As to the time involved, we may assume that 2,000 words may be managed in a ten-minute session by the ordinary reader. This would give us between six and seven years for the entire five-foot journey. But there is no reason to suppose that Dr. Eliot lacks Yankee shrewdness. Let us count on. The second book on our desk is one inch thick and holds 1,272 pages of about 600 words each. The matter it encloses happens to consist of the complete works of William Shakespeare. Here we see our "Harvard Library" grow at once to 60 volumes of some 76,000 pages, and 45,600,000 words. This should satisfy the more advanced student, who is willing to pursue knowledge for sixty-five years, or at the rate of thirteen years a foot. Finally, Dr. Eliot has not specified the height of his shelf. Take thought, add one-tenth of a cubit to the stature of your volume, and there is another gain of 25 per cent. In contents. Without question, the scheme is practicable.

"A case of love at first sight, eh?" "No, second sight. The first time he saw her he didn't know she was an heiress."—Boston Transcript.

"Do you believe in the superhuman?" "I used to, but I don't any more." "Why?" "I married him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She (indignantly)—You had no business to kiss me! He—But it wasn't business; it was pleasure.—Detroit News-Tribune.

THE BYSTANDER



Fine Display of Animus.
The Style of the Mayor.
Gillig and Old Times.
A Flaw in the System.
Fairbanks as He Is.
The Feeblest Fake of All.
Hawaiian Entomologists.

The Bulletin, in its effort to defend the over-stimulated Catheart, declares, with the slippery cackle of the hen that has laid her first egg, that there is "animus" in the affair. Owing to the galling mental processes of the Bulletin, one is left in doubt as to where the "animus" lies; but perhaps it was with the confiding barkeeper who "sold" Catheart the booze which convinced him that he ought to go out and lick one of the Advertiser's witnesses in those alleged libel suits. If this theory is true the barkeeper, if Catheart could remember who he is, or "Detective" Lake find him, ought to be prosecuted. I admit, of course, that the hypothesis may be wrong. The "animus" may have been Goo Wan Hoy's. The way the Chinese merchant turned his back on Catheart, thus exposing the doughty protector of the peace to an irresistible temptation to strike him a blow, suggests animus in a high degree. If Goo Wan Hoy had not presented his back he might not have been hit at all and Catheart might have kept his honored name off the police blotter. Such animus as that should have the notice of the grand jury.

The Mayor needs a social secretary. He called on the ex-Vice President attired in a Prince Albert costume which terminated in a pair of tan shoes. There is a rumor current that he also wore a straw hat. His jewelry was simple, consisting largely of human remains, which, of course, being an fait in aboriginal circles, is not to be criticized here. However, if the Mayor ever hopes to be a social success in the Governorship or in Congress he will have to cease keeping his Prince Albert and his tan shoes in the same closet.

Dear old Harry Gillig, the handsomest, the wittiest, the most popular of all the old bohemian visitors of Honolulu in the days of bluff King Dave—is dead. I met him abroad on his repeated wedding tour and he surely had a time. Frank Unger was with him to help make the hours fly when the wife, Amy, was running afield, as she generally was; and where Gillig and Unger met the Imps of Festival came unbidden.

"Fine fellows in Honolulu," he said one day as he smoked his scented cigarette beside a storied stream. "Did you ever hear of their last night at the old bungalow in the Nuuanu region? The land had been sold from under them and the final reunion was under way. It was a hummer. Song and mirth and music were at high tide until 3 a. m., when the tenor singer climbed up on the table and made a speech. He wanted to start a subscription for the value of the old house and then burn the place down so that it might never be profaned by any other presence than their own. He was willing to put his name on the list for \$500. The tenor was in dead seriousness and it took hard work by the older and grayer men to keep the proposition from being adopted and the match applied.

Charles Warren Stoddard was a guest on that occasion—the man whose South Sea Idylls made a place in literature for Polynesia and Micronesia before Stevenson had ever known their fair and seagirt confines. The old-timers have kept a warm place in their hearts for Stoddard and hoped to see him here again. But he never will come in the flesh, for yesterday's cable brought the news of his death at Monterey.

Judge Dole told a delicious story about Stoddard to the Kilohana Art League awhile ago. When the genial author and poet was living in Lahaina a friend called on him early and clamored at the door. He could hear Stoddard talking in low tones but there was no response to his calls. Knocks were followed by kicks and a shaking of the door but there was no "open sesame" in these. Finally the visitor made some threats, whereupon Stoddard snarled out: "Go away, d—n you, don't you know I'm saying my prayers?"

But to return to Gillig. When he and Amy were on their original wedding tour and were in Honolulu, the bride made a bet that she would run around the block in her robe de nuit. She won the bet. On the run she was accompanied by a Hawaiian string band in bathing suits. They do say that the Cousins' Society discussed the matter a whole afternoon and that it was the unanimous opinion that Amy could never hope to be saved.

But that wasn't all. There is a man in the Advertiser's employ who stood by one evening when the Gilligs, Unger and King Kalakaua emerged from a hotel cottage clad in their bathing suits and, thus attired, drove to Waikiki beach.

But—tempus fugit! The King has been among his kahlilis many a year, Amy had a third husband at last accounts, Unger is so-so and for poor Harry the curtain of life has fallen, the masks are turned to the wall, the lights are out and the orchestra has gone home.

I am happy to hear that the well-laid plan to put all the criminal business in the hands of the City and County Attorney is likely to fail. I do not find it necessary right here to say why or how, but if I belonged to the avid crowd which put up the job I should bind crape on my left arm. For the next two years at any rate, there will be mighty little chance to monkey with the prosecution business,—but of this, more anon.

Mr. Fairbanks has made it clear to all comers that he is not frappe; that, on the contrary, he is a cordial, genial man whom one can warm up to. He neither says "bully" nor "dee-lighted" nor uses any short and ugly words, but he is always the serene and approachable gentleman. I shall not feel the slightest hesitancy, if he ever becomes President of the United States, in going right up to him and asking for the Honolulu postmastership.

About the sorriest, weakest-legged, most tattered fake I have seen in the afternoon papers was the one about Judge Dole resigning and Governor Frear being superseded by Kuhio. And the logic behind it was something really abnormal. The time having come for Judge Dole to take a vacation, the club at the Sign of the Open Mouth, promptly figured out that he was going to resign; and Kuhio having gone to Los Angeles to have fun with Sam, the club felt sure that, having lately been snubbed by Taft in all his recommendations for office, Kuhio had been soled by the promise of the Hawaiian Governorship; and so, preferring that \$5000 position to the \$7500-a-job he now enjoys, he had gone 3000 miles from Washington so as to make sure of being on hand to get it. That the Bulletin should produce such a concoction does not surprise me; but I marvel at the Star in spite of what you get by spelling its name backwards.

Entomology and a study of soil conditions to ascertain their value with relation to certain crops is not new to Hawaii, for the old-time Hawaiians had a method of ascertaining conditions which was unique and quite effective in despite of its crudeness. An old Hawaiian woman told, the other day, how the Hawaiians eighty or ninety years ago found the right kind of soil to plant tobacco in. They cast about for a tract of land which looked about right and then made "borings." That is, they dug down a few inches and where they found a sort of clayey soil they took a trifle and put it in the mouth. If it "melted" quickly, that was good soil for tobacco and would produce a tobacco leaf as long as one's arm. If it did not "melt" rapidly, it was regarded as poorer soil and the product would not be so good and if the soil tested by the mouth did not "melt" at all, that piece of ground was avoided as of no value to the tobacco raiser. If Director Wilcox tries this, I hope he will let me know.

Commercial News

By R. O. Matheson.

With quotations on sugar advancing and excellent crop reports, the stock market closed the week with a showing of strength, the falling off of the early part of the week having been regained. The indications are that there will be further advances practically all along the line during the coming week, confidence in the situation being restored. The lull and the drop in quotations shook out a number of speculators, who closed accounts behind the game. There is no lack of money for investment, however, and the demand for the higher priced, dividend paying stock continues. Stocks also are in demand and all offerings are being readily taken up.

The opening quotations of the week on the staple were \$3.95, from which there was a steady decline until Thursday, when \$3.86 was touched. On Friday there was a trend upward to \$3.98, with a jump yesterday that forced the figure higher than that of Monday, \$3.95. The figures for the year are paralleling those of 1906 and 1907, although averaging higher. During those two years there was a steady rise in quotations from the beginning of March until September and the outlook now is for further advances above the \$4 mark.

Weather conditions throughout the group have been excellent and the general run of the plantation reports are bright. On some plantations the sugar percentages are exceptionally high. From Makaweli, for instance, comes an authenticated report of the cane giving crushing returns of over fifteen per cent of sugar, six and a half tons of cane yielding a ton of sugar, a phenomenal yield. Throughout the group the storehouses are filling rapidly, the supply on hand accumulating much faster than it can be moved, although this is expected at this stage of the harvest.

There is an increased demand for Hawaiian sugar stock on the Coast and quotations there are ruling higher than here. As a result the flow of stock from San Francisco to Honolulu has stopped and the current has set in the other way.

On the Exchange.

Hawaiian Commercial has been active at higher prices. On Monday the formal change in the par value of the shares went into effect, the \$100 shares being divided into four shares of a par value of \$25. This stiffened the price at once, the stock going from \$29.125, the figure of the last sale of last week based on the new par value, to \$29.50, with further sales during the week at \$29.75. The stock closed yesterday with \$29.75 bid and \$30 asked.

Ewa opened stronger than the week before, bids being an eighth higher than the closing sale. A number of sales were made at an advance of a quarter, the price shading an eighth at the close, selling at 29.125. Offers at this price yesterday were not taken, the bid being an even \$29.

Oahu fluctuated around \$32.25, about three hundred shares changing hands at that figure. This is a decided gain over the figures of the preceding week. The stock opened at \$32 last sale, \$32.125 bid and \$32.25 asked. On Tuesday the offerings were at \$32.50, with \$32.25 bid. Wednesday the bids and asks got further apart and on Thursday there were no bids, with the stock offered at \$30.25. These figures ruled on Friday, but the advanced sugar quotations brought the demand back, the stock closing at \$32.125 bid, \$32.675 asked.

Pioneer is recovering. On the opening the stock was offered at \$170, a drop of \$2.50 with no bidders. The offerings dropped to \$167.50 on Tuesday, with \$165 bid; on Wednesday this bid was met, but none responded, this being a drop of \$5.50 for the week. Sales between boards strengthened the price on Thursday, the stock being held at \$166, this offer holding until yesterday, when the holders held the shares at \$170, with \$167.50 offered.

McBryde, Honakaa and Hawaiian Agricultural have shaded off. There have been steady calls for bonds, O. R. & L. 6s being particular in demand with offers at \$101.75. \$5000 at this figure were traded in.

(Continued on Page Five.)

Small Talks

THE GENERAL PUBLIC.—Thank God, the Legislature will soon be over. JACK LUCAS.—A finer man than Father Clement never came to these Islands.

JOHN G. WOOLLEY.—Mr. Fairbanks hasn't grown any smaller since I knew him first.

SENATOR QUINN.—I haven't been myself since the row was raised over the proposed changes in the liquor bill.

ZENO K. MYERS.—Kaimuki is building up into a fine suburb and may one day have as dense a population as any part of the city proper.

SERGEANT BARRY.—Not a Marine will get to second base today. How do I know? Well, just watch the National Guard boys play ball.

ALFRED GOULDING.—Comedy is what the Honolulu people want and plenty of fun with it. I am doing my best to give them what they like.

JOHN SMITH.—I am willing to wager a hundred dollars to a case of soap that the Panama Canal will be completed and have steamers running through it before ever the Nuuanu dam is finished.

JAMES G. SPENCER.—I knew Charles Warren Stoddard well, when he was the life of the Pacific Club. When he went to Monterey he wrote me that he might run down here on an oil steamer, but he never got to it.

CAPTAIN MOSHER.—How could you spell it haulty when they never had any yards to haul. Haulty is the spelling. Why, Julius Caesar never had any yards on his ships, all he had was spirits, and mighty poor ones at that. Now will you take a dive and be good?

W. D. ADAMS.—So far my concert specialties have been one singer at a time. But now I am going to have a quartet of the best. Herbert Withers, the great 'celloist will be here soon with Luisa Sobrino, the soprano, Charles Bennett, the baritone, and Marguerite Elzy, the pianist.

England's War Scare

The Outlook.

People of English blood on both sides of the ocean pride themselves on their coolness; and Emerson said many years ago that the Englishman appears best in great crises when his resources of strength and courage are heavily drawn upon. Resolution, courage, and coolness are English traits; but all peoples are subject to panic—that is, to waves of emotion which run through a crowd with mysterious rapidity; and every people becomes at times a crowd. During the past few months England has been greatly agitated by the apprehension of a German invasion. Alarmist articles have appeared in newspapers and magazines, alarmist speeches have been made, and a play has been written by a son of the author of "Trilby" depicting the awful results of a German invasion of England—the destruction of beautiful old homes, the devastation of lovely country—which has brought together crowded audiences and sent a kind of thrill of fear through the length and breadth of England. The possibility of England's awaking some morning to the fact that a hundred thousand highly trained and thoroughly organized German troops had landed during the night has been seriously discussed; and the statement has been gravely made, again and again, that England is full of Germans in all kinds of occupations and employments, thoroughly organized and ready at any time to cooperate with an invading force with characteristic German method. This recalls the curious apprehension which always seems to arise in England when the project of connecting the island with the Continent is proposed. To outsiders it would seem the easiest thing in the world to make a tunnel a veritable pit of destruction for invaders. People do not seem to realize what would be involved in the landing of an invading force of a hundred thousand men on English soil. Germany would be compelled to make preparations weeks in advance; to lay her hands on ships in every direction, to assemble them in important harbors, to provision them, and to spend days in getting men on board; and all this with telegraphs, wireless, and cables, reporting from moment to moment everything of any importance on the Continent. Then the difficulties of landing a hundred thousand men are almost insuperable. It is said on very good authority that several years ago, when the conditions were favorable, on a pleasant summer night, the English Admiralty, in order to satisfy itself, made the experiment of landing as many men as possible between sunset and sunrise, with every facility, in a quiet sea, on its own ground; and it was found possible to land only nine thousand men, and a large number of these were in danger of being drowned in the process. The fear of a German invasion over night looks very like a nightmare, and is an immense compliment to the military genius and organization of Germany.